

RECKLESS RALPH'S

# DIME NOVEL ROUND-UP

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## HOW 'NED BUNTLINE' TURNED FROM RUNAWAY BOY TO WRITING GENIUS; HIS RELATIONS WITH 'BUFFALO BILL' AND THE 'KNOW NOTHINGS'

Inside Story of Sensational Fictionist Told by Leon Mead, Noted Binghamton Author, for Binghamton Press, Shortly Before He Died in California

By Leon Mead

Sent in by Hermon Pitcher

The outstanding facts in regard to Edward Z. C. Judson, better known as "Ned Buntline," may be briefly summarized. Born in Philadelphia, August 16, 1822, the son of a prominent lawyer, he ran away to sea at the age of 11, and a year later entered government service as an apprentice on a man-of-war.

When 13 years of age he rescued the crew of a small vessel run down by a ferryboat in the East river, New York. President Van Buren rewarded this act of bravery by giving the boy a commission in the navy. He was first assigned to the "Levant" and went on long cruises to the Orient and other remote parts of the world. Ere long he was reputed to be the best pistol shot in the American Navy.

He first appeared as a fiction writer in 1838, contributing a short story, "The Captain's Pig," under the pen name of Ned Buntline to the Knickerbocker Magazine, of which Louis Gaylord Clark was the editor. This effort met with such success that within a short time the highly elated author started a weekly story paper called "Ned Buntline's Own," edited by himself. In more recent times, by the way, another porcine story, "Pigs Is Pigs," made the reputation of Ellis Parker Butler.

The story paper prospered for some years. During the Astor Place riots Buntline was arrested for having incited and staged the outbreak against Macready the visiting English tragedian who was filling a professional engagement in New York. In certain articles and editorials in his paper Buntline had urged no mild reprisals for alleged insults offered by Macready and his followers a year or two previous in London to the American tragedian Edwin Forrest, of whom the young editor was a friend and champion.

In September, 1849, Judson was sentenced to a year's imprisonment and a fine of \$250. During his confinement the publication of his story paper had to be suspended and it was never resumed. After his release he became a prolific writer of sensational stories for the weekly papers, producing in all more than 400 serials, most of them under his pen name.

In 1853 Judson organized the "Know Nothing" or "Native American" cult, in reality a secret political order which rapidly grew into a formidable political party. It was the phototype, without the hooded mask and disguise, of the present-day Ku Klux Klan, the founders of which must have borrowed many of their ideas from the Know Nothing organization,



whose secret name is said to have been "Sons of '76," and the prescribed reply of whose members, "I don't know," was given to all inquiries regarding their political movements.

After some notable successes at the polls the Know Nothing party went to pieces, having first split into "North Americans" and "South Americans" over the slavery question, and entirely disappeared from national politics in 1860.

During the Civil War, with the rank of colonel, Judson was chief of scouts among the Indians, and received 20 wounds, seven of which were sustained in battle. It was during this period that he first met Colonel William F. Cody, later to be known all over the civilized world as "Buffalo Bill," thanks to Buntline's ingenious pen, and they became friends.

Judson was an ardent Republican from 1860 until Blaine's nomination for the presidency, when, like many others of his party, he became a supporter of Cleveland. Except when he fell off the water wagon, he was a strict temperance man and frequently lectured on the subject with much force and conviction. He was what used to be called a periodical drinker—not like Mark Twain, who wrote in Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes' autograph album: "Total abstinence is so excellent a thing that it cannot be carried to too great an extent. In my passion for it I even carry it so far as to totally abstain from total abstinence."

As to his first story signed "Ned Buntline," Colonel Judson gave this exaggerated version to my father one night while they were encamped on the Beaverkill where for several years they used to go each autumn for the fishing and wild pigeon shooting. The precocious youth of 16 carried the manuscript of "The Captain's Pig" to Louis Gaylord Clark who, in his condescending manner, promised to read it, but held no encouragement that it would be accepted. A few months later it appeared in the Knickerbocker Magazine.

When the young author called at the magazine office on Broadway and modestly hinted at payment for his work the editor pompously remarked:

"I am simply astounded that an unknown stripling like you should de-

mand compensation. Is it not enough of a reward—the glory of having your stuff used in the greatest publication in America?"

Duly abashed by that arrogant sort of patter, Ned Buntline went away, vowing that he would submit no more manuscripts without making it known that if they were accepted he was to be paid a fair price for them. To this rule, with a few exceptions, he held firmly throughout his life thereafter.

Years afterward, that is, in 1859, when Buntline was in the second heyday of his popularity, as it were, a melodrama of his was running at Niblo's Garden. One night in the gorgeous barroom of the Metropolitan hotel, adjoining the theatre lobby, he was partaking of good cheer with a half dozen or more of his friends—all regular fellows, as the current phrase is, all quick on the trigger of light repartee—and that not always of the rubberstamp kind so much in vogue today among the Booster clubs. Everything, including humor as exemplified in the comic strip, was much less standardized in those good old times.

Perhaps to stretch his legs, Buntline rose from the big round mahogany table where they sat and, saying he would be back soon, walked out of the place. Rather aimlessly he strolled down Broadway. A fine misty rain was falling, the wet pavements glistened in the glow of the street lamps, the air was almost as balmy as himself, if not in the same way.

As he neared Prince street he saw the arms of a tall spare figure hugging one of the lamp posts, as though for support. On a closer approach Buntline noted that the man was in little better than drenched rags; that he was bleary-eyed and bloated, as though he had been on a terrible spree from which he was not yet fully recovered.

The man, recognized Buntline at a glance, graciously said: "How are you, Mr. Buntline? Of course you remember me—Louis Gaylord Clark, former editor of the Knickerbocker Magazine which stopped publication a few months ago solely because the business manager, besides having no sound business sense, is something of a shyster. Friends are now trying



to get me a position in the New York Custom House, and meanwhile I am writing. But it's hard sledding because I haven't your magic gift of playing on the primitive emotions of the reading public."

"Oh, Yes, I remember you, Mr. Clark," said Buntline. "I also remember that when I was a poor struggling writer, and you a despotic editor, you once declined to pay for one of my short stories that you published, saying that the glory of having my name, though it was only a pseudonym, in the Knickerbocker Magazine ought to repay me well for the work, as it would give me a prestige I would not be likely to gain otherwise. Well, the tables seem to have been turned since then."

The ex-editor protested that he had done all in his power to befriend Buntline, that it had not been his practice to pay for contributions except those written by famous authors like Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, N. P. Willis, and so on. And he bluntly added: "I want to ask a favor of you, Ned. It happens that I'm in woeful luck just now and would appreciate the loan of a dollar—or more if you can spare it."

"Well," said Buntline, touched by the wretched aspect of the former arbiter of letters and culture in New York, "You may have helped me after a fashion by accepting and printing my story, even if you didn't pay for it. I'll let you have five dollars. Here it is. But of course you'll squander it all on liquor."

The Whilom literary mogul mumbled his deepest thanks, declared that not one penny of the benefaction would go for strong drink, and was about to shuffle away when Buntline detained him.

"As perhaps you know, Mr. Clark, a sizzling melodrama of mine is on the boards at Niblo's. In the hotel barroom are some friends of mine at this minute—members of the press, artists, men about town. Come up with me and meet them. We'll see that you have a good time over a social glass that you may drink as **we gentlemen drink**—as you used to drink."

"Thank you, Ned, not tonight. I'd be ashamed to face those decent fellows in such wet shabby togs as

these. I still have some self-respect."

Buntline urged, picturing Clark as once more among his peers, talking as only he could talk. Clark yielded and went with Buntline. As they entered the barrooms the friends at the big mahogany table looked curiously at the battered hulk of a once noble manhood, wondering who he might be.

They were soon to know. With florid ceremony Buntline introduced him to the garrulous group. Clark was at first extremely diffident. A stiff drink of Bourbon brought a flush into his pale, raddled cheeks, a dazzle into his cold gray eyes. He removed his ancient silk hat, brushed back the long graying locks from his massive forehead, nervously stroked his shaggy, unkempt beard.

Still sheepishly self-conscious, he maintained an almost rigid silence, answering briefly only the inquiries addressed to him. That is, until he had finished his second glass, which was a hot toddy. Then his tongue began to limber up. They had a lot of fun with Louis Gaylord Clark that night, according to Buntline. They listened in mock rapture to his reminiscences wherein he was the paramount figure, except when he told a pathetic anecdote of Edgar Allan Poe, with whom he had been acquainted, if not intimate. They plied him the while with another beverage—it was called champagne. Ever hear of it? They encored him in furtherance of fresh recitals. They finally induced him to rise—a feat he achieved with no little uncertainty—and make a speech. Perhaps he had the illusion that he was at a literary banquet where the most sophisticated talk was expected as a matter of course.

Bored at last by his insufferable conceit, his erstwhile hearers drifted away from the table, leaving Buntline and Clark alone together. Clark was still drawing on his unlimited stores of elegant diction, liberally sprinkled with quotations from the Latin. Buntline found it easy enough, however, to persuade the old editor to witness from the sheltering darkness of an upper box in Niblo's the closing scenes of that lurid melodrama. When the final curtain rolled down a few minutes after midnight Clark was not only asleep in his chair but snoring like a walrus. Bunt-



line left him there, and instructed the night watchman to let Mr. Clark out by the stage door when he awoke. The two men never met again.

Such in substance was the ironic tale that my father heard Ned Buntline relate up there on the Beaverkill. To be sure it was a garbled account, for none of Louis Gaylord Clark's friends ever knew him as a dissolute man. Judging from his portrait he had a strong, intellectual face of the ascetic type. But in order to amuse others, Buntline cared not how much color he splashed on, how ludicrous he made a simple, commonplace happening. He would even incongruously change backgrounds and climaxes into anti-climaxes—just to raise a laugh.

And yet there was a grain, perhaps more than a grain, of truth in this little scrap of realism. For instance, Clark worked in the Custom House for a number of years after the failure of his magazine. So the yarn may not have been wholly trumped up, after all. In most particulars Buntline was reliable as to what he told of his own personal affairs, and loyal in his friendships.

In any case this expanded anecdote illustrates the psychology of Ned Buntline himself more clearly than could be set forth in a ream of stodgy analysis. As a writer it was his wont to embroider and windowdress facts until they were transformed quite beyond recognition. His imagination was both a blessing and a bane to him and to others. Some folks called him a born liar, others, not so literal, called him an adept in the art of fantastic and tragic invention. All conceded that he was a craftsman in his line.

That melodrama at Niblo's, by the way, may have been a dramatization of Buntline's "Mysteries and Miseries of New York," a thick octavo cloth bound volume with many wood cut illustrations, which had an immense sale and was in demand for a long time among lovers of sensational apoplexy.

Early in the '50s Ned Buntline spent several months in Union, now known as the Union District of Endicott. He hung round the News office a good deal, and there wrote some short stories of which a few were printed in the News. He went about with

Jake and Gil Harvey and several others who long since passed away. Vague stories have been handed down of nocturnal revels—the usual small town gossip that gets fastened like a tick on the unconventional man of mark of whom the community as a whole gains no very exalted opinion.

John Hagadorn, now the oldest citizen in the Union District, being past 92, remembers seeing Ned Buntline on the streets of Union during the summer he was there; and Mr. Hagadorn heard Buntline make a speech on Round Top, or Round Hill, as it is now called. Or was it a Fourth of July oration?—for there seems to have been a grand celebration on Round Top the day he spoke there. Buntline may have been trying out his Know Nothing ideas on the inhabitants, for soon after that a number of them both in the village and in the surrounding country joined the Know Nothing party.

The most memorable act of his Civil War record was the alleged charge in which he led a regiment whose sole weapons were skyrockets fired horizontally at the enemy who were, presumably, Indians. Colonel Judson somehow had been able to commandeer a good supply of those death-dealing missiles, whereas the supply of regular ammunition was nearly exhausted just then. Anyway, so runs the tale, Judson took a chance with those skyrockets and managed therewith not only to kill or leave wounded on the field a considerable number of the foe, but to rout the other affrighted savages who fled from the fatal streams of fire that exploded with a loud pop into incandescent showers.

Sometime in the late '60s Buntline settled at Stamford, in the neighboring county of Delaware, erecting on the outskirts of that beautiful village a picturesque mansion with a mansard roof, known as "Eagles Nest." Here he continued to grind out highly spiced, exciting fiction, with no end of blood and thunder in it, but avoided all risque sex themes—a fact to be chalked down to his credit.

Ned Buntline belonged to the third epoch of our literary history. In the earlier part of his career, after winning his laurels, if no money, as the author of "The Captain's Pig," he



sometimes mingled in a lettered coterie of which Washington Irving and James Fenimore Cooper were the leading spirits. Later he joined the Pfaff's Cellar group, which included Walt Whitman, William Winter, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and George Arnold.

It may be said without disparagement to Cooper that Buntline understood the real nature of the North American Indian quite as well as the author of "The Pathfinder." Some critics of a former generation expressed regret that a man of Ned Buntline's brilliant powers should persist in turning out the type of story that made him notorious rather than deservedly noted. Beyond any question he had an uncanny insight into life as well as a certain genius that qualified him to produce a much higher class of writing than he gave to the world. Why then did he deprive the world of his best cerebration? Simply because, as he often frankly admitted, by prostituting his intellect he could earn a much larger yearly income. How many writers are doing the same thing today—writing down instead of up to their readers for the sake of money? Having the shrewdness to perceive what a large part of the public wanted, he set about to supply it, his tireless energy helping him to this end. At one time he was the highest paid contributor to Gleason's "Home Circle." Prices for a long serial by a banner writer in that thriving and entertaining weekly ranged from one thousand to three thousand dollars. Mr. Gleason claimed that he had paid as high as five thousand to Buntline for a serial.

After living for a time at Stamford, Buntline again became restless—the wanderlust got another grip on him. He longed to be back in the wide-bosomed West, the great open spaces. Besides, he wanted to scrape together some fresh material for his thrillers. This time he was away from home for two or three years. While in the West he again met Colonel William F. Cody, then more or less locally known as "Buffalo Bill." Of their later association and falling out more anon. Buntline likewise saw something of the country in which the Modoc War was fought.

Soon after that war suddenly end-

ed Buntline came back to Stamford with about 30 Modoc bucks, some with their squaws and children, and two debonair scouts, "Arizona Frank" and "Boston Charlie." The colonel put them in rehearsal on his spacious grounds at Eagles Nest, for he had it in mind to become a showman by way of a change.

In his boyhood the present writer lived at Margaretville, which is about 18 miles from Stamford. A few weeks after Buntline's return gaudy three-sheets were pasted on the barns, handbills were distributed, advertisements filled The Utilitarian, our village paper, all announcing that the Ned Buntline Indian Show would appear in the Academy building on a certain not remote date.

The Academy had been a school, once, presided over by Dr. Orson M. Allaben who was a physician, a geologist, an editor, a learned man in many branches of knowledge.

How feverishly we boys awaited the coming of the dusky troupe! They came at last, with dashing Arizona Frank and Boston Charlie, the scouts. They marched in single file to the Academy and there went through their weird performance, which included the Corn Dance, expert shooting at a target with bows and arrows, doleful chants by the stolid squaws while they performed a few grotesque stunts, banjo solos by Boston Charlie, cowboy ditties and dancing by Arizona Frank, a little Indian oratory by one of the chiefs in his own dialect—and the thing was over.

Buntline started on tour with his troupe and all went well until they reached Paterson, New Jersey. A warning painted on the dodgers was to the effect that no person should yell "Modoc" to any of these Indians, the idea being that they were sensitive over their late defeat and might resent such a catcall. An onlooker did shout that very word at one of the braves, who happened to be a chief, during their street parade in Paterson. That brave, leaping from the line, stabbed the offender, but not fatally, as I remember it. Anyway, the Modoc chief was arrested and jailed, Buntline had to pay a heavy fine for him, and in order to avoid more trouble he disbanded the troupe—the savages going back to their



native wilds at his expense.

Buntline returned home to resume his writing. It was not long before, like Lord Byron, he was in need of another hero to exploit, for what is red-blooded fiction without a red-blooded hero? He did a good deal of thinking about Buffalo Bill, who was a celebrity of the plains but not a national hero. Buntline resolved to make him one. He already had Buffalo Bill's permission to write about him. Buntline's own varied adventures in the West had been as startling as anything his fictional personages had lived through. Even so, Colonel Cody was unique, a superman, worthy of a worldwide renown.

Concerning Buffalo Bill, we read in General Phil Sheridan's Autobiography: "He received his sobriquet from his marked success in killing Buffaloes to supply fresh meat to the construction parties on the Kansas Pacific Railway. He had lived from boyhood on the plains and passed through every experience: herder, hunter, pony-express rider, stage driver, wagon master in the quartermaster's department, and scout of the army, and was first brought to my notice by distinguishing himself in bringing me an important dispatch from Fort Larned to Fort Hays, a distance of sixty-five miles, through a section infested with Indians."

Captain Charles King in his fascinating book "Campaigning with Crook and Stories of Army Life," thus described the killing of the Cheyenne Chief "Yellow Hand" in the Black Hills region, or more definitely, on War Bonnet Creek, July 17, 1876:

"There's a rush, and in a cloud of dust, Cody and his men tumble in among them, Buffalo Bill closing on a superbly accounted warrior. It is the work of a minute: the Indian has fired and missed. Cody's bullet tears through the rider's leg into the pony's heart, and they tumble in a confused heap on the prairie. The Cheyenne struggles to his feet for another shot, but Cody's second bullet hits the mark. It is now close quarters, knife to knife. After a hand-to-hand struggle, Cody wins, and the young chief 'Yellow Hand' drops in his tracks. Baffled and astounded for once in a lifetime, beaten at their own game,

their project of joining 'Sitting Bull' nipped in the bud, they take hurried flight. But our chief is satisfied. Buffalo Bill is radiant; his are the honors of the day."

One may doubt if there is any exact record of the number of Indians that Cody killed or of the white persons, including "Wild Bill" Hickok, whom he rescued from some tragic plight.

Buntline's serial, "Buffalo Bill" published in the New York Weekly, was the crowning triumph of his sensational work, and it was this story that introduced William F. Cody to the general public from Portland, Maine, and points East, to Portland, Oregon; the story that made his name and nickname household words throughout the whole country. This breezy, poignant chronicle of Buffalo Bill was followed by a series of continued Buffalo Bill stories from the same pen whose clever wielder was said to be receiving \$20,000 a year from Street & Smith—a larger salary than many bank presidents then enjoyed, or even now enjoy.

Later, Buntline wrote a play in which Buffalo Bill was the star and which dealt chiefly with his own prowess as a buffalo-killer and Indian fighter. In San Francisco Buntline and Buffalo Bill, who were equal partners in this dramatic venture, had a violent disagreement, called each names not fit to print, and separated. Buffalo Bill's histrionic career was brought to an abrupt end. Buntline continued to write with as much vim as ever, though not with the same great success.

If the reader can endure further repetitions of the personal pronoun, it may be added that while associate editor of Figaro, a satirical weekly published in Boston, I received gratis some contributions in prose and verse from Ned Buntline. Not only that: he wrote a serial that ran in the New York Weekly, called "Orthodox Jeems," of which, absurdly enough, he made me the hero, using my own name. Many episodes in it would have made anybody snicker. For instance, in the first installment and on the front page, was an illustration of a stage coach being held up by bandits. A youth supposed to be myself was represented on the box beside the frightened driver whose hands were up-



lifted in meek surrender. In each of my hands was an ugly-looking revolver pointed at the highwaymen whom, it appeared, I in turn was holding up. Martha Canary, better known as "Calamity Jane," figured prominently in this more or less gory tale.

While no attempt need be made here to defend Ned Buntline's work as literature, it may be said of his stories that dealing as they often did with outlaws and the raw erring stuff of human nature, it would not be hard to find a moral purpose in those snappy romances of action, for he always punished the villain, the ethics of the hero were often sublime, and our author never forgot to reward merit and virtue in the best style of Sunday school fiction. What a scenario cobbler, what a writer of Westerns for the screen he would have been had that art form zoomed in his time! He was very happy and humorous in writing dialect and many of his word combinations had their day as slang or slogans.

Buntline depicted men and women as he had actually observed them in mining camps, on cattle ranches, in Indian warfare, in border feuds. If he lacked Bret Harte's grace of description, so rich in classical allusions (for Bret Harte was an excellent Greek scholar) and the vivid portraiture that distinguishes his writings, Ned Buntline was more broadly versed than the author of "Two Men of Sandy Bar" etc., in the multifarious phases of Western life. In ingenuity of plot, abundance of incident, swift action, characterization, bubbling humor, Ned Buntline has been surpassed by very few writers anywhere.

He was the creator of the dime novel in the sense that a dime novel was a thriller that at the end of nearly every chapter—without fail at the end of each installment—left the hero between the devil and the deep sea. How that hero could possibly be saved from whatever dilemma he was in, of course made the intrigued reader very anxious to get the next installment. In the matter of suspensive interest, the uffish thrill, Buntline was a master. No scene was too exotic for him to tackle; no situation too creepy or hair-raising for him to ignore. A prodigious producer, he was

capable of turning out a long serial of the quality required in five or six weeks.

His favorite posture while writing was on his stomach, with a rug or animal skin under him, leaning his head in one hand, and with the other, clutching a stub of lead pencil, he would dash off his fast running thoughts all day long, and often far into the night. When out of any better stationery, he would use light brown, light-weight manila wrapping paper from the grocer's, his lines taking a marked slant to the right as he wrote. He seldom revised his copy or read it over. His fecund fancy was equal to all occasions. A finer extempore speaker never walked the earth. He was so genial a companion that the present scribe cherishes pleasant memories of numerous chats with him in different places.

Meanwhile Buffalo Bill, having become known everywhere by his deeds of derring-do, was now the more eager to be in the spotlight, to mingle among his fellowmen, because the populace of many an Eastern city wished to see him in person. And he wanted to be seen as he really was. Why should he hide himself on a Nebraska ranch?

As already delineated by Buntline, Cody's magnificent physique, which he took every precaution to preserve, his handsome, manly face, his supreme skill in horsemanship, in manipulating the rifle, and so on, made him the ideal prototype of the rough and ready hero—precisely the kind of hero who has been emulated by boys in every age since the Cave Man. As for desperadoes in the West nowadays, an American novelist went out there not long ago to find a real bad man—and failed. All the bad men apparently had gone into the movies or were immersed in the crime wave that was surging all over the East.

When early in the '80's, in association with Nate Salisbury, an actor, Buffalo Bill organized a mammoth aggregation called the Wild West, he set out on a new career of glory. The Wild West was planned to illustrate life on the plains; the Indian encampment; the cowboys and vaqueros in their daily work and sports; the herds of buffalo and elk; the lassoing of animals; the manner of robbing



mail coaches; feats of agility, horsemanship, marksmanship, archery; the reproduction of typical scenes and events of the frontier of that day. While in no wise partaking of the nature of a circus, the performance was at once new, exciting, instructive.

Many Binghamtonians still living saw the Wild West when they were boys and girls. Have they forgotten it? Ask them. I well remember the day a barouche, drawn by a team of showy white horses, drove up to our house, shortly after the luncheon hour. In it were seated Buffalo Bill and a local newspaper man. After being introduced to Buffalo Bill—it was his first visit here as a showman—he cordially invited me to accompany them to the afternoon performance. We drove to Stow Park where those who composed the Congress of Rough Riders of the World were getting ready for the Grand Review.

One feature of the show illustrated a prairie emigrant train crossing the plains. It was attacked by marauding Indians who were repulsed by Buffalo Bill and a number of scouts and cowboys. A quadrille on horseback followed. Next came Miss Annie Oakley who displayed her dexterity in the use of firearms.

Other features included a version of the Battle of Little Big Horn, or Custer's Last Rally on the Little Big Horn River, Montana, July 28, 1876; a bevy of beautiful rancheras, advertised as genuine frontier girls, whose daring equestrianism won thunders of applause; attack on the Deadwood Mail Coach by Indians, repulse of Indians and rescue of the stage, passengers and mail by Buffalo Bill and his attendants. William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) starred in feats of sharpshooting on horseback at full speed.

With the salute that concluded the program our pleasure—the reporter's and mine—was not at an end that afternoon, for we were invited to dine with Buffalo Bill and members of his official staff in the mess or chow tent. Large chunks of fresh meat were boiling in huge kettles, or were they cauldrons? But we had broiled beefsteak, thick, juicy, tender, with other good things to eat. At neighboring tables the Indians and other performers seemed to relish their food immensely.

Twice the Wild West crossed the ocean to appear in the chief capitals of Europe, and before the crowned heads which were more numerous then than now. In the Ducal Hall of the Vatican Buffalo Bill received the blessing of Pope Leo XIII; in Venice he rode in gondolas with "Rocky Bear" and a few other Sioux warriors, sharing their wonder at the marvels of the Grand Canal, while they in their war paint and feathers were of equal interest to the Venetians. In 1887, on the occasion of his requested appearance at Windsor Castle with some of his most important performers, Queen Victoria presented him with a jeweled stickpin which he was fond of wearing in a new cravat or in his shirt front. With honors galore, he yet seemed a sad, lonely man, a disappointed man.

After that day in Binghamton I met Cody many times, more often than elsewhere in the Hoffman House, New York. One afternoon I visited him while the Wild West was exhibiting in South Brooklyn—and again had a meal with him in the mess tent. During the substantial repast I asked him if he did not feel at all grateful to Ned Buntline for what the latter had done with his pen in making him (Cody) a popular hero. His answer was derogatory to Buntline against whom, it was apparent, he still carried a rather bitter brand of grudge. So far from showing that he had any sense of obligation to the dead fictioneer, Cody contended that Buntline had done him more harm than good, had placed him in a false light as a ruthless, wholesale murderer of Indians, which was crassly untrue, and had made many other wild statements about him that were misleading, injurious to his reputation.

"Did you make any protests to the author or the publishers while those serial stories were running?" I inquired.

"No," said Buffalo Bill, "because I didn't then realize what injustice they were doing me, how cheap they were making me, at least in the estimation of people worth knowing."

Was that not largely a pose on Cody's part? At any rate, one could not help gaining the impression that fame, not to mention a little social veneer, had developed in him a cer-



tain haughty dignity, an intolerance from which in his days of democratic suavity he had been altogether free. He insisted that he had won his spurs without Buntline's aid, as well as a distinction to be proud of, in the service of Generals Sherman, Miles, Crook, Custer, Carr, and more than a score of other military leaders.

That was true enough; his name would not have been left out of the pioneer annals of the West; he would have been a character in American history. But to be an idol of the people, to be lionized by aristocrats and high society—that was something else again; and it may be safely asserted that he never would have been that idol or that lion had he not been given such wide publicity by Ned Buntline—and in just Ned Buntline's wizard way of getting out of a hero all there was in him, with much of the mystic and glamorous that was not in him.

In the first place Ned Buntline certainly had only generous intentions toward Buffalo Bill. He meant to do Cody a friendly favor. At the same time the vast amount of prankish mischief in Buntline was often mistaken for malice of a vicious propensity, especially by narrow-minded, straight-laced persons—the majority of them smug hypocrites—who strutted about on moral stilts. As though they could interpret with any competence such a man as Colonel Judson!

Just a few hours, if not minutes, before his death, in spite of his enfeebled condition, Ned Buntline is said to have stood up in bed, unaided, and prayed with a fervid eloquence that seldom comes from dying lips. He realized that he was face to face with the Grim Specter and the profound solicitude he felt for his own eternal spirit had given him the temporary strength to rise, and with sobbing voice implore mercy from that Omnipotence of whose personal existence he so often had been in doubt.

The remains of Ned Buntline and Buffalo Bill repose among the immemorial mountains—those of Colonel Judson in about the highest terrain of the Catskills, those of Colonel Cody on the summit of Lookout Mountain, Colorado.

The difference in altitude of those mountains is not—at least in no easily

perceived way—symbolic of the difference in personality between those two exceptional men. Each had his superior claims to remembrance, as have hosts of men and women who are living at this hour.

### NOVELNUT NONSENSE

A MAN who loves children and another liar were recently refused membership in our Brotherhood. Our rules are strict.

WHILE FRATERNITY and peace are our watchwords, small bickerings are to be expected in novel-swops, but will Brother Bragin graciously explain the congealing blood-clot, the torn novel, and the two untidy handfuls of hair observed on his doorstep by the ROUND-UP sleuth? And will brother French tell us just why he has taken to wearing a skull-cap of late? We make no inferences. We are only curious. And whence came Brother Bragin's shiner?

PRESS-CLIPPING from Illinois: A little squirt named Jonas has entered suit against our town. The charge is that the sidewalks were built too close to the seat of his trousers. (NOTE) Our investigator absolves our Brother Jonas. The report referred to another midget.

DON'T THROW your defunct tomcats and tabbies into the ash-can. JOHN, THE TAXIDERMIST stuffs dead things. Write Brother Brezinsky. (Advt)

HARD LUCK: Brother Jaffray cannot sit down. It's a boil or something on the gluteal muscle, hard to look-see, but resulting in a graceful hulasalome walking movement. We commiserate with our stricken Brother.

A FRATERNAL SUGGESTION made in good faith to our Brother Bragin, to divide his BLACK & WHITE collection of old novels among Club members, we greatly regret to report proved fruitless. Indeed, it brought about an astonishing reaction. Our Brother "went up in the air". Hit the ceiling....a real classic in aviation even though his valuable "paints" were not to have been included. His general vocabulary indicated non-assent. Is this, we ask, Brotherly?

TEXAS SPEAKS: Brother Miller explains that the reason he has two



pairs of pants is that the clothing-house threw-in one pair when he bought a suit. He writes that all pants come in pairs now in San Antonio.

OUR EDITOR, Brother Cummings, advises that though his chest-misery has succumbed to treatment, his locomotor-ataxia has become so bad that he now whistles at all crossings. What are we coming to?

PRIZE: For the Brother sending in most CASH subscribers by year's-end, a round-trip to Mishawaka.

A BELIEVER in the abundant life, but convinced that it is better to fail at doing something than to succeed at doing nothing, Brother LeBlanc sits at home writing checks to himself. His motto: Let the poor work.

AT THE quarterly meeting of ROUND-UP Directors, held as usual in the room above Paddy the Pig's Place, a resolution offered by our Dean, Brother Maroske, that our members discard trousers and adopt the Mahatma Gandhi breech-clout was unanimously carried. Our Brethren will find this sanitary garment for sale by Brother Leonard. Fit guaranteed. Two safety-pins with each clout. Wear like iron. Price, 40 cts. Tax 3 cts.

PARTNERSHIP DISSOLVED: Brother Mengar has bought out his partner, a Greek gentleman, Mr. Spiro Dematrokopolus. He will henceforth run the corner frankfurt stand himself. (Advt).

STRENUOUS TIMES THESE, what with war, woes, and wassail. Oh for the good old peaceful days when Grandma peddled cod-fish.

### THE LITTLE "BEADLE'S"

by Will Lisenbee

Despite the critics of their day,  
The little "Beadle's" made their way,  
And from home like birds they went  
To lonely hut and soldier's tent,  
To camp and ships that went to sea,  
To farm and ranch like birds set free  
And in the far off lands of gold,  
Their wonder stories were retold,  
The solace of a few brave ones,  
Who tramped through snows and desert suns,  
And brought to their hard lives of chance,  
The glowing colors of Romance.

And still the envious critics tried  
In vain to stop the Beadle tide,  
For this...the dreadful Beadle crime,  
A dollar book sold for a dime,  
But still the little Beadle's went  
On wings across the Continent,  
Like leaves borne on the Autumn breeze,

From frozen North to tropic seas,  
They flew to comfort and to cheer  
The million folks who held them dear  
And that was years and years ago,  
Gone are the ones who used to know  
And love the books on which hung,  
The slander of an envious tongue.  
Those "critics" now, alas, are dead,  
But aye the Beadles DIMES are read  
By those, who chance from hidden nooks,

To resurrect the little books  
Which sell tho' half a century old,  
For fifty times the dime in gold,  
So right has triumphed in the end,  
The little books have found a friend  
Whose loving search has linked his name

Forever with the BEADLE'S fame.

Sent in by Brothers Austin and Jonas.

Here you are, fellows, here are some names and addresses of fellows that used to read old novels etc., and have letters in back of different novels. Want to try your luck on them, I have tried, and found some real good novels this way, and if the person didn't have any novels, but wanted some, that's your chance to sell him your duplicates, and maybe he'd like to join the H. H. Bro., who knows. Look up your city directory or town. Here are some addresses to try out.  
Frank A. Boghich Jr., 602 N. Hayne St., Pensacola, Fla.

Fred Schielke, 284 Devoe St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Chas. T. Hicklin, Calgary, Alberta, Canada.

Frank Rice, 70 E. 7 St., Oswego, N. Y.  
John Scherf, 255 W. 48th Place, Chicago, Ill.

R. M. Horton, 829 Holket Ave., Braddock, Pa.

C. E. McDonald, Noank, Conn.

M. N. Nelson, 215 So. Yellow Spring St., Springfield, Ohio.

Eugene Bell, Berkley, Va.

Elmer Spear, Secretary, Md.

A. Mulholland, 2400 Carpenter Street, Phila., Pa.



Jos. Godfrey, 19 5th St., Phila., Pa.  
Arvid Benson, 715 4th St., West Superior, Wisc.

Arthur Reynolds, 480 Smith Street,  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Albertus Hooper, Media, Pa.

William Francoeur, 673 Shawmut St.,  
Boston, Mass.

Arthur Long, Gunderson, Mont.

Try your luck fellows, and may the lucky one win. The person above, may not be at this address, but some other address in the city.

### THE QUATRAIN

They do not want me in a book,

That holds the thoughts of sages,

And so my destiny's to fill

The ends of fiction pages.

Frank Lynn.

### NEWSY NEWS

By Reckless Ralph

Lou Kohrt of Milwaukee, Wisc., was down to see A. W. Edgerton of Houston, Texas, last July, but Aubrey did not happen to be in, so missed seeing him, although Aubrey came home a short time later, and thought maybe Lou would drop around again shortly, but no Lou. Aubrey felt bad, that he wasn't able to meet a fellow collector from the north western United States. Better luck next time, Aubrey.

Wm. J. Benners, (Uncle Billee) wrote many many stories for the Family Story Paper and Chicago Ledger, as well as many novels. He was a great grandson of Jacob Benners, who 160 years ago was one of the first American merchants to trade with the Orient.

Joseph Krafic (see address in membership list) has lots of novels for sale, mostly in the colored cover weeklies. Send for lists.

Frisco Bert, "Famous Scout," Famous collector of Boy's Blood and Thunder Dime Novels, rare photographs and books on Indians, Outlaws and the old west, has now moved to 1427 Post St., San Francisco, Calif.

On January 10th, 1864, Stephen C. Foster was found lying in the hall of his lodging house, and three days later, died at the Bellevue Hospital. He was the great composer of "My Old Kentucky Home, and other famous songs. He died in poverty,

October 6th, 1940 was the Anniversary of the death of Mary J. Holmes. She was a great Love story writer.

They say that vols. 4 and 5 are two rare volumes, and hard to get, of "Our Young Folks." They contain stories of Dickens' Holiday Romance, and Aldrich's Story of a Bad Boy.

Does any one know the length of time and during what years, the Wide Awake Library was published twice a week, also what were the first and last numbers published semi-weekly? Brother L. C. Lighter, 89 Perkins St., Brockton, Mass. would like to know.

Lou Kohrt sends in an idea, what do you fellows think of it? Idea:—"Why not run full list of members names in each issue of Round-Up instead of only those lists each month, of new and old members who come in each month. Type once set up for this as a page would not need much change monthly, would it? Put this idea in the Round-Up and see what the members think of it. Bet you it would help subscriptions. You know the old psychological."

(Note: This is a good idea, but our magazine is so small, that we try to get in all we can of interest, and if we had the list of members in every month, it would crowd out other things, but we'll see what the members have to say. Editor.)

Edgar Allan Poe is buried in the Westminster Presbyterian Church yard in Baltimore. Many of his first stories, are very rare now. Tamerlane, one of Poe's most rarest of the rare, is being reprinted now. Makes me think of the rare set of Confederate stamps that were reprinted a few years ago.

According to James Madison's Collectors' Guide, Jacob Blanck of the Library of Congress, Washington, D. C., is looking for Harry Castleman (pseudonym of Charles Austin Fosdick) books, such as "Frank Among the Rancheros," "Frank in the Mountains," and "Frank at Don Carlo's Rancho." He desires the editions published by R. W. Carroll and Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, in the 1870's.

Mathew White Jr., an early editor of Frank Munsey's Argosy, and for 28 years dramatic editor of Munsey's Magazine, died on Sept 17th, 1940 at Westport, Conn. at the age of 83. A ripe old age it is.

James Madison's Collectors Guide



will be published every 3 months hereafter. We will all miss the Guide, and every 3 months seems to be a little too long, but we know how it is, Jimmie. Address is James Madison, P. O. Box 124, Grand Central Annex, New York City, N. Y. The January 1941 issue is a fine issue. Lots of good things in it.

Blood and Thunder "Thrillers" of Granpa's Time seem pretty upright reading matter nowadays. Salt Laker boasts of rare collection of Dime Libraries. A fine writeup with a nice photograph of Arvid Dahlstedt and his small but nice collection of old timers, a full column writeup appeared in The Salt Lake Tribune, for Dec. 30, 1940. We ought to have more writeups, it would help the hobby.

In a new novel, H. G. Wells exploits a hero, who, through a long and active life, manages to fool himself, and become a happy and contented man. Years ago Alfred Payson Terhune said to me, and I made a paragraph of it, that the happiest man in the world is he who can fool himself, and believe everything he says or does is perfect. Both Mr. Wells and Terhune are mistaken. Millions fool themselves, but the truth always overtakes them and applies the punishment finally the due of fools.

Edward Morrill & Son, 144 Kingston St., Boston, Mass., has just brought out the third number of their catalog of American Fiction 1787-1939. Size 6x9, 96 pages of rare books, dime novels, and scarce items of long ago. Lots of old rare novels listed here and there throughout the catalogue, even the first issue of Beadles Dime Novels #1, Malteska, the Indian Wife of the White Hunter, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, 1860. Lots of Beadles Boys Libraries Listed here and there. Price 50c per copy for their catalogues. This is the most exhaustive and complete catalogues on American fiction that has ever been issued. There are many items that are of interest to collectors of dime novels and early American fiction.

Ye editor, Reckless Ralph, was up in Leominster, Mass., New Year's Day, and met a new member of the Happy Hours Bro., Edward Legere, 619 Abbott St., and had quite a nice little chat. Ed likes the Liberty Boys of 76, Pluck & Luck and Wild West Weeklies very much, he had a large

collection of them, but his father burned them up. Seems that the trouble started at school, when Ed had a copy in his pocket, but hadn't read it. Ed must have had "heart failure," when his pa used 'em for kindling wood.

James Edward Knott, Bristol, N. H., was down here a few weeks ago, a very nice chap too. Funny, I had an idea he was older, but I was mistaken. When I saw him outside the door, with the Fisherville Constable, I feared the jig was up, for I began to wonder what I had done, to bring the constable and an other man, whom I feared might be the high sheriff who then stepped up to me, and said his name was James E. Knott, of Bristol, N. H. I couldn't believe it. I almost had a shock. Ha, Ha, seems the constable was at the postoffice when Mr. Knott inquired where Ye Editor lived, when the constable offered to bring him up here. Mr. Knott is collecting the Frank and Dick Merriwell stories in the Medal and New Medal Libraries, who ever has any, better send him a list.

George French writes that Lou Senarens (Noname) daughter was in to see him recently. Seems that every thing that Mr. Senarens has was destroyed. Now the daughter wants a few novels that Lou wrote for souvenirs. What would wifey say, if she knew this, George?

It is said that James Fenimore Cooper, IV, unveiled the statue of his great-great-grandfather during the sesquicentennial celebration at historic Cooperstown, N. Y. The statue of the novelist was done by Victor Salvatore. For four days Cooperstown dipped into local history. The Cherry Valley Massacre..Judge William Cooper...Sir William Johnson...Col. Croghan...Natty Bumppo...Gen. Clinton...Susan Delancey of Westchester...Abner Doubleday. Dr. William Lyon Phelps came to Cooperstown to praise the pioneer novelist.

It may interest you all to know that George S. Barton, 167 Oliver St., Boston, Mass., has all the "Round-Ups" neatly bound together in four paper covered vols., edges trimmed neatly—bound in with them are Dime Novel Authors and the Dime & Nickel Novel Catalogue and all the 25c novel libraries. The set makes a handy reference library and I wonder how many



of the boys preserve their copies. Also have Happy Hours Magazines done the same way.

Ralph P. Smith says J. P. Guinan was right. Ralph thought at first, that J. P. G. might have been confused Parfias Del Norte, instead of Mr. Bur-rage, in his article, "Strayed from the Sepulchre, or The Tomb-Tamer of Tip Top," out in the Nov. 1940 issue. Parfias Del Norte was killed in Tip Top three or four times, but kept bobbing up to confound Merry on many an occasion. In fact, for a villian, he was most persistant; only living (as I recall it) to avenge himself on Frank. In fact he had escaped death several times, although each time before witnesses he was considered dead; and each time he escaped the grim reaper, he avowed himself afresh to "get" Merry, at the same time re-affirming his compact with Satan, to whom he has sold his soul, in exchange for the assurance that he would live to see Merriwell's downfall. However, the last time he "died," it was permanent. After all, one cannot be suffocated in a landslide, be blown to bits, be burned alive, and still feel as kipper about vengeance. In time, therefore, Satan called him home for keeps.

Is the American Library Nos. 1 to 30 a complete set? Send information to the Round-Up.

Gilbert Patten (Burt L. Standish) had a fine writeup in the Physical Culture Magazine for Sept. 1940. Better get a copy if you can, if not, send 10c to Ye Pub. of Roundup, and he'll get you a copy.

Note Reckless Ralph's full page for sale list and the prices, aren't they real cheap, and to think you can get a 300 page, more or less, novel for ten cents, can you beat it. This offer is good until March the 1st, just think of it, cut down from 25c, a saving of 15c on each novel, is a big help, let me tell you that and mostly all in nice condition too. Surely, you won't want to let this nice offer go by. Whoopee!

J. P. Guinan has another fine article for the Roundup, soon, on the true life of Billy the Kid, the two gun outlaw.

"Mr. Frank Merriwell," by Gilbert Patten (Burt L. Standish) was to come out, the middle of this month, but we haven't seen it yet. We are all anxious to see it when it appears.

Don't let us down, as it's too good to lose, Gilbert.

"Who Wrote Nick Carter," by Wel-don D. Woodson, appeared in the Nov. 1940 issue of "Welcome News," and is worthy of any ones collection. A very nice article for the length of it, which makes it more interesting. Send 10c for a copy of it to Welcome News, Suite 211, 404 W. 9th St., Los Angeles, California. There is a cut 4x7 inches on the front cover, of Nick Carter Library #157—The Photograph Clew or, Nick Carter's Underground Trail, by the author of Nick Carter. Reduced facsimile of the front page of an old issue of the "Nick Carter Library," that furnished readers back in the "Gay Nineties," a detective thriller a week for a nickel apiece. "Welcome News," is a magazine 9x12 inches now, so you see its growing.

If any one has any good ideas on the Round-up, send them in, as we're always glad to get new ideas, on how to carry on with our magazine. Over a year ago, a member suggested free exchange ads, which I've tried, and still have carried on, another suggested dates on each page. We've got that, and lots of little things, so if you have any ideas that will better our little magazine, the Round-Up, send them in, and we'll see what we can do for you.

This is the 10th birthday for Reckless Ralph's Dime Novel Round-Up. We are trying to have real good stuff in every issue, although sometimes we get something that's not so interesting, maybe, but we're doing our best to keep this little magazine of ours going, and our printer, Mr. Harlan Miller, of Miller Print Shop, Lawrence, Kansas, is doing his bit, and best, to give us a real little magazine that will interest our readers, and we thank them most heartedly, for the work they've done in the past, and besides, they've been printing the Round-Up for us ever since January 1936. We are all well pleased with the fine job Mr. Miller is doing for us. Just think, when they first took the job, it was only a 4 page paper every month. Then later on, it came out as 4 pages one month, and 8 pages the next, and so on. Now it's 8 pages every month. Yes, I know, there were a few skips here and there, but it hurt me more, in not getting the Round-Up out, than it did the Brotherhood. My whole

heart and soul is in the getting out of this paper. I love it, and so don't you all. I'll spend my last cent to keep it going, and many's the time I've dug down deep in my pocket to keep the magazine running.

I'm doing all I can to keep the magazine, yes, and to keep the hobby going. I strive for members here, there and everywhere, I can get them. I do lots of advertising to help this little hobby of ours. And many's the letter I've written, some times to no avail, and many's the night, yes, early hours of morning I've been up, writing, and doing all I could for our hobby. Many a morning when the clock struck 4, before I laid down my pen, and crawled into bed. And the doctor, which I've had ever since I came home from Philadelphia, or rather since early in June, has warned me to cut out the night work. I am lots better since I left Phila., but I won't be, if I keep up the night work, still this is my hobby, as well as every one elses, and I love it, too. I try to get to bed by 10 or 11 p. m. every night, but many nights it's long after that.

Now I want to thank all the fellows, for the wonderful support they have given me. I know it's very hard on a lot of you, but I know you are all doing your very best to help the hobby along, and I thank you.

I guess the Newsy has tired you out now, from, as a fellow says, so much hot air, so I'll bring this to a close.

Reckless Ralph Cummings

#### IN MEMORIAM Louis A. Godey

Like the seer of the Lord, in the olden time,

Thou has let thy mantle fall  
And winged thy way to a brighter  
Clime

At the Angel of Death's Last call.  
With thy Lamp well trimmed and  
burning bright

With the record of well spent years  
Thy passing away to the regions of  
Light

Was unclouded by mortal fears.  
Thy day was completed, thy work is  
now o'er

No shadow can rest on its class  
The clear mantle of truth cast its  
brightness before

To illumine thy path to repose,

Yet thy mantle remains tho' severed  
the cords

That bound thy bright spirit below  
Thy warm genial smile, and heart  
cheering words

Still linger to soften our woe,  
Each silver cord Loosened, each  
golden Link gone.

As we draw near the close of our  
day

Seems to shorten the path, as we  
Lose one by one

The hearts that once brightened  
our way.

May we too be able, who mourn for  
thy Loss

When the Angel of Death shall  
appear

To Lay down Life's tail at the foot  
of the cross

And ascend to a heavenly sphere.  
—B. J. Leedom

"In Memoriam," appeared in Godey's Lady Book and Magazine. Vol XCVIII. No. 584. February, 1879, on page 183.

Louis A. Godey, of Godey's Lady Book Magazine, was born June 6th, 1804, and died November 29th, 1878. Mr. Godey was the founder of Godey's Lady Books. When Mr. Godey retired in 1877, he had been the owner and editor of the G. L. Book for 47 years, and had published 571 monthly numbers. In his 75th year, of which 47 years of this time having been devoted to his Lady's Book Mr. Godey sold out the Lady's Book to the Godeys Lady Book and Magazine Co., of which December 1877 was his last number. The new publisher started January 1878.

A big 2 page Obituary notice appeared in January 1878, in the new Godey Lady Book under the new management. Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale was editor with Mr. Godey, as both were the only editors.

Mrs. Hale has been a writer for over 70 years. She also wrote 22 books on Fiction, Poetry, Plays, Cooking, Travels, Biographies, essays etc. (some of them in two Vols.)

#### FREE ADS

Will Buy, or Exchange story papers boys' dime and nickel novels, all kinds, Seaside, Franklyn Square, Lakeside, etc. What have you. Send list of exchange and wants. Sam Nathan, 351 Central Ave., East Orange, N. J.



George S. Barton, 167 Oliver Street Boston, Mass. has to offer, Happy Days, Vols. 6 to 10 bound in heavy paper, good condition, to exchange for, what have you to offer.

P. J. Moran, 1951 E. 30th St., Oak-land, Cal., wants Golden Argosy, the complete volume for 1904—will give cash or trade, what's wanted.

Now is the time to get no. 1. First editions of the Ralph F. Cummings Dime and Nickel Novel Catalogues of Dime and Nickel Novels for only 25c. Get yours today. 25 cents each or \$2.00 per dozen. Ye Pub.

Reckless Ralph's 25c Novel Library #1 2 3 4, price 10c each, or all four for 35c. For February 1941 only — Ye Publisher.

Who wants a copy of that rare first in the Wide Awake Library No. 541 The Steam Man. What have you to trade for it, send list. Ralph F. Cummings, Fisherville, Mass.

Have: By England's Aid, For Name and Fame, The Lion of St. Mark, My Right of Conquest, By Pike and Dyke, St. George For England, For Freedoms Cause, Maori and Settler, With Clive in India, The Cat of Bubastee, The Young Colonists, Capt. Bayley's Heir, The Young Carthaginian. All are by G. A. Henty, cloth bound. What's offered? Ralph F. Cummings Fisherville, Mass.

## WANTED

Tip Top Nos. 1 3 4 5 6 7 10 12 15 16 17 21 23 25 26 27 28 32 33 39 43 57 58 60 61 63 66 70 71 73 77 79 121 265 332. (Must be in nice condition and original colored covers)

Work and Win 1. Snaps, 30 36 67.

Pluck and Luck: 1 to 4 6 7 9 to 13 15 16 17 20 to 26 29 to 36 38 39 40 42 43 46 to 51 53 to 59 62 to 77 79 81 to 89 91 to 94 97 to 100 201 217.

Will pay highest cash price, or exchange from my lists of fine old novels in first-class condition.

**J. P. Guinon**

Box 214

Little Rock, Ark.

## MEMBERS OF THE H. H. B. for 1941 Nos.

21. W. C. Krumbein, 5748 Drexel Av., Chicago, Ill.
24. Chas. S. Woodward, So. Ashburnham, Mass.
28. John P. Ball, 4816 Cortland St. Chicago, Ill.
38. Carl Linville, 2734 Madison Rd., Cincinnati, Ohio.
49. Nathaniel Anderson, 641 O'Farrell St., San Francisco, Calif. (new member)
52. A. W. Edgerton, 116 W. 6th Ave., Houston, Texas.
56. Frank M. Harris, P. O. Box 85, Ashland, N. H.
57. Leonard C. Leighter, 89 Perkins St., Brockton, Mass.
85. David Rosenberg, 1161 President St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
113. James H. Van Demark, 113 Vliet St., Cohoes, N. Y.

## NEW ADDRESSES, ETC.

Carl Linville, 2734 Madison Rd., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Arvid Dahlstedt, 1256 W. 8th South, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Complete List of all the 1941 members of the Happy Hours Brotherhood will appear in the February Number.

Sam Laidacker, 827 Green Ridge St., Scranton, Penna., is the publisher of "The American Antiques Collector." \$2.00 per year.

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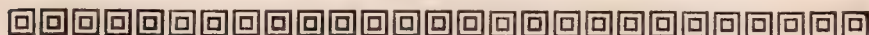
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Swappers-Collectors' Magazine

P. O. Box 13, Saundersville, Mass.



Here, here, send me your old novel covers, or pictures torn from the backs of old coverless novels, several different poses of characters are requested for compositing into large group several different pictures of, for instance, of Old King Brady will give the artist a better and broader scope from which to pick a final pose for the painting. All persons contributing will have their names listed in the Roundup, do not send any pictures from good novels. What I want:

Character—Nick Carter, Chick Carter, Patsy Garron, Ten Idri, Carter's girl detective, Connors of the S. S., all in Nick Carter Weekly. Young Wild West, Arietta Murdock, Cheyenne Charlie, Hop Wah, Wing Wah, Jim Dart, his wife, Wild West's Pinto, all in Wild West Weekly. Old King Brady, Young King Brady, Alice Montgomery in Secret Service. Diamond Dick, Sr. and Jr., His Pards, Diamond Dick Jr., Weekly. Young Rough Rider, his girl Stella in Rough Rider Weekly. Fred Fearnot, Terry Olcott, Evelyn and the girls, Judge Fearnot, all in Work & Win Weekly. Frank & Dick Merriwell, June Arlington, Inza Burrage, Frank Merriwell Jr., in Tip Top Weekly. Jack Wright, a Fireman, an Engineer, a Sailor, a Broker, a Frontiersman, a Hindoo, a Cannibal, all in Pluck & Luck. A Broker, a poor boy in rags, a snappy Merchant, all in Fame & Fortune. Capt. Dick Slater, Bob Esterbrook, Edith Slater, Joe Scoggs, Mrs. Slater, Mr. and Mrs. Esterbrook, and all of the Liberty Boys, a Hessian, an Indian, in Liberty Boys of '76. Buffalo Bill and his pards in Buffalo Bill Stories. 2 or 3 mixed characters in Might and Main. Old Sleuth in Old Sleuth Weekly. Bowery Boy in Bowery Boy Weekly. Frank Manley in Young Athletes Weekly. Will Penttiss and Jack Clark and their girls in Blue & Grey. Young Wide Awake and other Fireman in Wide Awake Weekly. Two or three characters in both Brave and Bold, and Red, White and Blue.

All pictures must be sent in by contribution before February 30th 1941. Mr. Bender who is a commercial artist extends his appreciation and thanks to all who contribute one or more illustrations. Only 95 of the characters will be composited in the painting and an 8x11 photo of the painting will be a lasting memento of the Nickel Novel Era and it is the artists wish that all collectors and dealers shall have one of the framed photos upon completion which should be about April 15, not later than May 1st.

It is the artists intention to sell the photos at actual cost of production which framed, should not exceed \$2.00. If the photos are wanted in oil tint, there of course must be an increase in price appreciably and obviously. It is the wish of Mr. Bender that all who have any such pictures lying around that are of no use to them, to mail them to him as these pictures will be of much value in the resulting painting and photos. You can well imagine what 90 characters from the old nickel novels in a family group, Rotary Photo will look like in their style of clothing befitting their times and era. Send all pictures to:

**STEWART BENDER — 168 First Street, Troy, New York**





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## FOR SALE — CASH ONLY

Edwin J. Bretts, London, England  
publications and Old Bloods of 50 to  
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Send for List.

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Myrtle Beach, S. C.

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Send list of items to:

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Chicago, Illinois

Also want Fame & Fortune issues.  
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## FRANK READE LIBRARY

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Steam Man in Mexico. A. \$5.00.
- 6 Frank Reade Jr. With his New  
Steam Man Chasing Rustlers. A.  
\$5.00.
- 9 Frank Reade Jr. With his New  
Steam Horse in the American  
Desert. A. \$5.00.
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"Not many months since, Sue used to visit, almost daily, one of the most fashionable Ladies in Paris, Madame de——, and hold forth in her richly furnished boudoir on the condition of the poor.

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"To a trifling extent," answered Sue; "But though my gifts are small, they are always cheerfully bestowed. I give one-fourth of my income in alms."

"That afternoon, as he left the Cafe de Paris, where he had been eating a costly dinner, an apparently old woman clad in rags, prayed for charity. "Go away," was the stern reply.

"But I am starving! Give me a single copper to purchase bread with!"

"I will give you in charge of a police-officer, if you thus annoy me!"

"You will!" said the begger; "and yet, Monsieur Eugene Sue, you are the man who writes about the misery of the poor; You are the working man's champion; You are——"

"Who are you?" exclaimed Sue.

"Madame de——" was the reply; and the disguised Lady stepped into her carriage, which was in waiting, leaving the novelist to his reflections."

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## LUCY R. COMFORT DEAD

Once Popular Novelist Dies in Pleasantville, N. Y., Aged 79

Mrs. Lucy Randell Comfort, once a popular novelist, died yesterday at her home in Pleasantville, Westchester County, N. Y., in her eightieth year. She was the daughter of Samuel S. Randell, the author and educator, who was Superintendent of the public schools of this city from the early '50s until 1870. Her husband was Dr. John E. Comfort, for thirty years a prominent physician of upper New York City, and at one time Health Officer of what is now the Bronx, and also the assistant surgeon of the Sixtieth New York Veteran Volunteers.

Mrs. Comfort was a contributor to The New York Ledger when it was published by Robert Bonner, and her work appeared with that of Fanny Fern, Edward Everett, Henry Ward Beecher, and many other prominent authors. She also contributed to The Fireside Companion and other publications.

Mrs. Comfort had lived in the house in which she died ever since the beginning of the civil war. She is survived by a son, Randell Comfort.

—Clipping

COMFORT.—On Friday, Dec. 11, 1914, Lucy Randell Comfort, widow of Dr. John E. Comfort. Funeral service at her late residence, Church Street, Pleasantville, N. Y., on Sunday, Dec. 13, at 1:30 o'clock. Carriages will meet Harlem train leaving Grand Central Station at 11:54 A. M. Interment private. Kindly omit flowers.

—Clipping

The first newspaper published in America was "Public Occurrences", a small quarter sheet, which appeared in Boston in 1690. Next came the Boston News Letter, which was published in 1704. Philadelphia became the next American City to support a paper. It was the Pennsylvania Gazette pub. in 1792, by Benjamin Franklin.

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## REAL AMERICANA

The dime novels that thrilled the lads of other generations are in high demand among New York collectors. "Old King Brady," the James Boys, Frank Reade, Frank Merriwell and other characters whose adventures served as golden literature to the youths of yesterday. The other day I dropped in for a chat with Ralph Adimare, whose Columbia Book Shop, over in West Twenty-third street, in the heart of old Chelsea, is a rendezvous for dime-novel collectors. Ralph is unquestionably one of the outstanding authorities on the subject, and his files are crammed with information regarding the writers of the one-time "best sellers." He says that some men collect the novels because of their historical value, looking upon them as examples of true Americana, but that others want them to read in an effort to experience again the thrills of boyhood days. Lovingly the bookman paged over a pile of the Comic Library Series, bearing the names of "Tom Teaser" and "Peter Pad" as the authors of stories that were satires on American life. "Tom Teaser" and "Peter Pad," he told me, were pen names of Cecil Burleigh, of Newburgh, N. Y., who wrote the stories from 1875 until 1913. He was the successor of E. E. Ten Eyck, who was one of the first of America's dime-novel writers. Of all the men who wrote dime novels, Ralph said that Gilbert Patten, the author of the Merriwell stories, was one of the last of the Mohicans.

Mention The Roundup when answering any ads in it. Thanks.

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